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MAR 8 1954



CARNEGIE
MAGAZINE

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Carson



Gold ornaments made by the Incas. Ornaments like these were seized by the conquistadors and shipped back to Spain. On exhibit at Carnegie Museum.



The Spanish Economy

Approximately 1479-1600 A. D.

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COVER

Virgil Cantini's *Rooster*, the pen and ink drawing reproduced on the cover, is one of this versatile artist's entries in the current exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh at Carnegie Institute.

A painter, sculptor, craftsman, and instructor in the Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Department of the University of Pittsburgh, Mr. Cantini is best known for his enameling on copper.

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MARCH CALENDAR

SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

The 41st annual INTERNATIONAL SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART may be seen at the Institute March 20 through April 18, with preview the evening of the 19th.

Color slides from the Salon will be projected in Carnegie Lecture Hall two Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock, March 21 and March 28.

ART FOR INDUSTRY

The Society of Industrial Advertisers will show two hundred pieces by local advertising artists, including illustration, fashion art, lettering, technical drawings, display, TV art and slides, posters, at the Institute from March 31 to April 18 with preview March 30.

PORTRAIT MINIATURES

Nearly one hundred portrait miniatures encompassing four centuries, lent from the Heckett Collection at Heckmeres Highlands, near Valencia, will be exhibited in the Hall of Decorative Arts beginning April 1.

ART AND CRAFT CLASSWORK

Painting, photographs, millinery, flower arrangements, weaving, and jewelry from the Institute adult hobby classes comprise the fourth ANNUAL STUDENT EXHIBIT, March 5 to 18, with preview the evening of the 4th.

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

PITTSBURGH ASSOCIATED ARTISTS 44TH ANNUAL, through March 11, with special hours daily; MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE ARMS AND ARMOR, until April 18; EXPERIMENTAL GALLERY through March.

At the Museum, current exhibits include DEADLINE FOR WILDLIFE, THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST, UPPER OHIO VALLEY ARCHEOLOGICAL SURVEY, FORT PITT EXCAVATION PROJECT, JAPANESE DOLL FESTIVAL, and the Pittsburgh Photographic Library Gallery.

NEW LIBRARY PROCEDURE

A new system is in operation at Central Library this month, with lending booth in the first-floor lobby. All books borrowed, adult and juvenile, are recorded by a photographic process. The loan period has been extended to 21 days, but without renewal privileges. Books are returned as usual.

FOREIGN POLICY DISCUSSIONS

Discussion groups sponsored by Foreign Policy Association and Carnegie Library are meeting at Central Library at 8:00 P.M., Wednesdays, March 3, 17, 31, and April 21; Wylie Avenue Branch at 8:00 P.M., Mondays, March 1, 15, 29, and April 12. Germany, Africa, Indonesia, and the Near East will be discussed in turn.

SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED LECTURE SERIES

Music Hall, 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

Admission only by membership card

March 2—MENFISH OF THE DEEP

Jacques Yves Cousteau, co-author of *The Silent World* and co-inventor of the Aqualung, will take the audience along on undersea adventure with the world's leading team of free divers, which he heads.

March 9—HILLS OF THE PLAINS

(Harmony Dairy Company, sponsor)

Cleveland Grant will show colorful films of longhorn cattle, mountain goats, antelope, elk, and bison; of a rodeo, fossil-hunting in the Badlands, and an inspiring sequence on Mount Rushmore.

March 16—TWO WHEELS ACROSS MONTANA

Stan Midgley bicycled through "The Land of Shining Mountains" from the high Beartooths of Wyoming to the wild Hold-in-the-Wall Basin near Canada. His films include Butte as well as Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks.

March 23—GREECE

Clifford Kamen concludes this year's lecture series with pictures of ancient and modern Greece which show Athens, Delphi, Marathon, and other spots of classic interest, and the Greek people of today.

WALKING TALKS

Tours to various parts of the Institute are available for the public on Tuesdays, from 7:00 to 7:45 P.M., starting from the Art and Nature Shop.

March 2—DEADLINE FOR WILDLIFE with Margaret Manning

March 9—ASSOCIATED ARTISTS ANNUAL (Two tours, 7:00 and 8:15 P.M.) with Anita Morganstern

March 16—REPTILE COLLECTION with Neil D. Richmond

March 23—BIRD HALL with Kenneth Parkes

SPRING CONCERT SERIES

Marshall Bidwell presents five Tuesday evening concerts in Music Hall at 8:15 o'clock, beginning March 30, with five vocal and instrumental groups assisting. Carnegie Institute Society members and friends of the Institute are invited.

The five groups include the Indiana State Teachers College Choir, with Wynn York, director, which will sing on March 30 to supplement Dr. Bidwell's organ numbers; the Taylor Allderdice High School Choir; Steubenville High School A Cappella Choir; Wilkinsburg Civic Symphony Orchestra; and Canterbury Choir.

A VISIT TO BRAZIL'S INTERNATIONAL

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

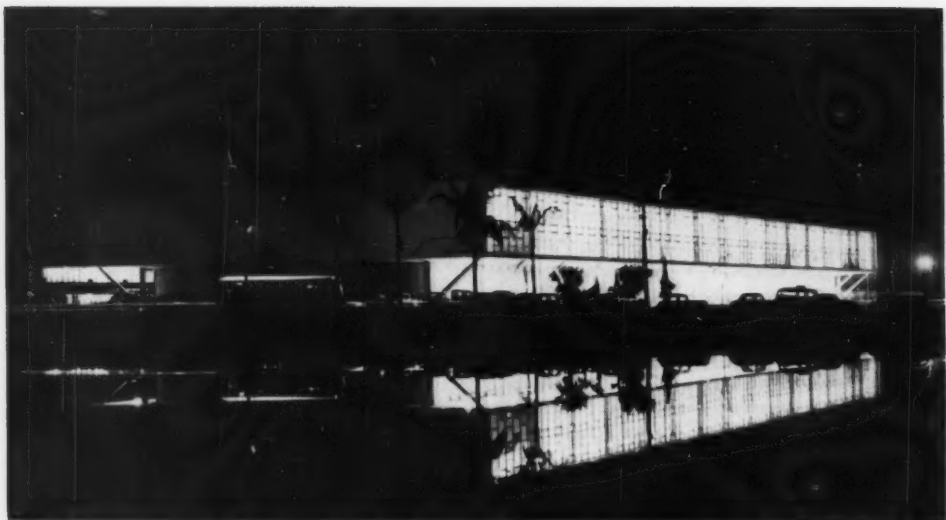
At a speed of four hundred miles an hour it is a real trip to Brazil, even if you don't have to beat your own wings like a migrating bird. Feeling almost as exhausted as if I had actually flown it myself, I landed only two weeks ago in the white heat of Rio, flying in low, just above the heads of summer bathing crowds and the beautiful curved beaches lined with their twenty-story fences of white skyscrapers. But this was only to change planes and be borne over one great mountain-locked bay after another, until we turned inland, near Santos, to cross the Sierras and glide down into the airport of São Paulo.

The chief attraction and goal of my trip was passed on the ride from the airport to my hotel: a new park, still in the process of being developed, where already there stood two long concrete pavilions decked with the flags of the free world. Here, I knew, was housed São Paulo's second International, her *Bienal*, where I intended to spend the best part of my week in Brazil. Here, as we had all read in our papers, was an exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures, four thousand in number, whose examination required over four miles of walking, not to mention that more difficult human feat known as "standing and looking." This was the youngest of the world's three Internationals, the other two being the *Biennale* of Venice and our own Pittsburgh International. I had missed seeing the first *Bienal* in São Paulo, but I was determined to study this one with the particular point of finding out, aside from the rich contributions from Europe, what South America herself had to offer on an international level of interest. We had long wanted to represent the countries of South America in our own

exhibitions but had found it a problem to visit the whole continent for the purpose of gathering this material. Here a considerable amount of it would have been brought together at a single center for easy examination.

The hours of the *Bienal*, calculated for a tropical city in the summertime, are from three in the afternoon to ten-thirty in the evening. But even on the night of my arrival, too late to gain entry, I peered through the glass walls of the pavilions to catch glimpses of works of art inside. The lights, reflected in the artificial lakes behind me, were still on, and I could already see with what taste and spaciousness everything was disposed. The plan seemed to offer at least five pictures or sculptures by each artist, and these were hung together in nationality groupings. Screens of different designs and colors separated artists and schools, so that vistas were infrequent and one saw only a few works at a time. Yet the broad sweep of the plan was always visible above the screening and there was no feeling of an inescapable maze. A few long ramps or easy stairways curved upward to the second floor which overhung the first, supported externally by frankly displayed concrete angle beams.

The whole exhibition, as I was to learn from its secretary, Arturo Profili, had cost a million dollars, which sum had been given to the government by the wealthy, art-loving Brazilian, Francisco Matarazzo Sobrinho. Señor Matarazzo would never recover his money from gate fees, good as they were, but he was happy in the realization that he was giving his compatriots an unparalleled opportunity to catch up with the creative efforts of their time. This was the reason, as he himself told me, that they didn't stress merely



ONE OF THE PAVILIONS DESIGNED BY OSCAR NIEMEYER FOR THE SAO PAULO FAIRGROUNDS AND BIENAL

the latest productions in art as we do in Pittsburgh, where we traditionally show nothing older than five years. Breaking the exhibition, therefore, were excellent side shows reviewing such historic themes as Cubism or Futurism, as well as several one-man exhibitions of certain leaders in twentieth-century painting: Picasso, Kandinsky, Munch, Koschka, and Klee.

"You think the show too big?" Matarazzo asked me. "I think it is inhumanly large," I told him, "but I also realize that you would never have gained the attention of your people or that of the entire world, for Brazil, if you had made it smaller."

It is sometimes reasonable to be unreasonable, and this was an exhibition that no one could overlook or regret. Both the backer of the show and its secretary have wisely understood that showmanship cannot be neglected in any educational project and that exactly as São Paulo had itself come into its twentieth-century power and a new physical being within ten years, just so quickly would its

people have to make the mental transition from a colonial culture to a wider world of thought and feeling. "We never imagined," sighed one young architect with whom I lunched, "that we would ever meet such famous leaders in the arts as Alexander Calder, Renée d'Harnoncourt, or James Johnson Sweeney. Now, Walter Gropius is actually here in São Paulo and—can you believe it—I went swimming at Santos with Henry Moore!"

The buildings themselves—which are to be used for industrial and agricultural fairs as well as art—are by the distinguished Brazilian architect, Oscar Niemeyer, who despite his German name was born in Brazil in 1907. Though influenced by Lucio Costa and Le Corbusier, Niemeyer has found such original and suitable solutions for urban building in the tropics that he is regarded as one of the chief contributors to the development of contemporary architecture in the western world.

No land in the modern world, it seems

to me, has more peaceably absorbed such a mixture of European, African, and Asiatic stocks. Racial tensions are slight. In the art world one notices the foreign elements, notably the Italians and Germans. Many hold offices of high responsibility, as in the cases of Arturo Profili, the secretary general of the *Bienal*, or P. M. Bardi, the director of the Museum of Art, both of whom came from Italy only since the war, and Wolfgang Pfeiffer, a German who directs the small but excellent Museum of Modern Art. Both of these museums are temporarily housed in a downtown office building, and each looks forward to a building of its own at an early date. That this is a likely expectation no visitor to South America could ever doubt, as buildings spring up with the same exuberance as tropical plants, and I saw plans for two new museums of modern art, one for Rio and one for Caracas, as I passed through.

These specialists from abroad who have

elected to cast their lots with the Brazilians are, of course, helping to make an adjustment between the old culture of Brazil and that of modern Europe. Probably much of the old that was charming and intimate will inevitably be lost. But Brazil has discovered her inherent material riches, as have other South American countries, and she is determined to become a new world power. Many of her better artists, by this same token, may be immigrants or the children of immigrants, as are the painters Plattner and Rissone, but the older Brazilian stock is learning from them and is also sending its own talented young people to Paris or Italy for training and experience.

São Paulo thus celebrates its four hundredth anniversary with the latest in global art. This suits the temper of a city that is barely ten years old in its present form. A good deal of the old colonial town still survives underneath her skyscrapers, like low



CROWDS AT THE OPENING OF BRAZIL'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

brush at the feet of forest giants that have shot up and left it in a sterile shade. "Go to Bahia," suggested my new friends, "if you want to see the old Brazil, the folk center of the country. Here it is gone, for São Paulo is as cosmopolitan as New York." Perhaps this is not wholly true, but I cannot doubt that it will be soon.

Only seven years ago São Paulo had no art museum at all. Now it not only has one for the moderns, but another for the old masters. Thanks to the sleepless efforts of Senator Assis Chateaubriand who, like Señor Matarazzo, is a notable businessman and politician as well as an art collector, and to the distinguished judgment of Señor Bardi, São Paulo possesses one of the most distinguished collections of old masters that have been formed in recent years. Of this collection I could not enjoy even a glimpse, as it was traveling abroad and had already been shown by the Louvre in Paris and in other European capitals. Perhaps before it is returned we may have an opportunity to see it in the United States. Its catalogue shows it to contain remarkable works by Mantegna, Holbein, Titian, Velasquez, and Frans Hals, as well as superb nineteenth-century paintings by Corot, Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, and Lautrec.

Since I have been home, people have asked me whether Brazilians are any more responsive to ultramodern modes of expression than is the average American. On this point I dare hazard no comment, due to the brevity of my visit. On the other hand, I should remark that the multitudes visiting the show—a more than ninety per cent abstract one—were extremely well behaved and obviously deeply interested. Moreover, they had the advantage of living in a city more modern in appearance even than New York, and they were accustomed to the fresh, clean lines, the bold novelties, and the clear colors of the "International Style" in architecture. There was

already a harmony between the show and its civic setting, and this in itself ought to have proven helpful to everyone.

While speaking of the modern buildings, I should mention the deep impression made upon me by the many commissions given to sculptors and painters by South American architects. It made me ashamed of our own poor record on this score. For both in Brazil and Venezuela hardly a new building goes up that is not embellished by pre-planned ornaments that form an integral part of the total design. Thus a new São Paulo hotel, the Jaraguá, has large mosaic screens on opposite sides of the building at street level by two Brazilian artists; and my own hotel had a fine bas-relief by Elisabeth Nobiling in its foyer. One hardly meets an artist either in Brazil or Venezuela who is not working on some decoration that will embellish a public building or be incorporated in the architectural structure of a private house. It was clear that, with this a universal habit, the arts must once more find that healthy and proper unity which they have lost since the Renaissance, and that painters and sculptors need no longer find their only employment in producing portable works for homes and museums.

As in Europe, the North American museums have deeply influenced museum practice in Brazil. Señor Bardi, director of the Museum of Art (the Chateaubriand Collection) of São Paulo, was abroad during my visit, but his assistant, Flavio Motta, wished to discuss at length our pedagogical philosophies and techniques. The museums of our country have led the world in the assistance they have offered to unprepared visitors who come hoping to be given some help in the enjoyment and appreciation of art. It is not enough, they have long since agreed, to show good art; it is also necessary to aid the public in its desire to understand its values. Thus Señor Motta was engaged in

elucidating for his visitors an exhibition of paintings by Candido Portinari, including in his exposition various panels on Portinari's choice of colors, his personal history, his method of working out his pictorial problems. I did not think that Portinari's art, first made famous when he won a prize in the Carnegie International of 1935, had grown with the years, but I was interested to meet him and to see his latest pictures and mural projects.

The United States of Brazil is no longer a long way away from us; only an expensive way, since those who can pay the fare may fly to Rio or São Paulo in twenty-four hours, a day's travel. This shift in our relations to each other must be as difficult for others to grasp as it is for me, but it is a fact to which we must quickly become accustomed. Up until quite recently Brazil has been a distant and peripheral outpost of twentieth-century action. Today she is almost as central a factor as we are. She is swiftly adjusting herself both to her own quieter past and to her noisier and more highly industrialized neighbors in the north. This means that she must create new commercial and cultural contacts with us and with Europe. It also implies that we ourselves must work toward the same end and that our own Pittsburgh International will be of major value in bringing us all into the new world-alignment that is developing. Nor is this any less true for other South American countries and our relations to them. With this in mind, I can only rejoice that, due to the generous support of The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, it was possible for me to have made this immensely valuable visit on behalf of Carnegie Institute.

Mr. Washburn, director of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute, will report in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* next month on the visit to Caracas, Venezuela, which he made on his return trip to Pittsburgh.

NEW ASSISTANT DIRECTOR



MR. ARKUS

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS, who will take up his duties as assistant director of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute on March 15, has had wide experience in promoting art activities and in personnel work. He began as a concert manager in

1934. A few years later he became associated with a large American and English art and antique furniture concern in New York. During the New York World's Fair, 1939 and 1940, Mr. Arkus was sales promotion director and assistant to the director general of the *MASTERPIECES OF ART* exhibition (organized by Art Associates, Inc.), the largest display of old master and modern paintings ever held in the United States. After the Fair he served as consultant in the presentation of benefit art shows for a number of foreign relief associations, among them the Queen Wilhelmina Fund, Bundles for Britain, Free France, and the Greek War Relief Association.

Early in World War II, Mr. Arkus was sent to Iran as personnel manager on a top priority War Department engineering project, in charge of eight hundred American engineers, and also of native help. While there he received a direct commission as captain in the United States Army and was assigned to the Persian Gulf Command at Teheran. As chief of Radio Branch, Public Information Bureau, Photographic Branch, Press, and Art Sections he so distinguished himself that he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal and was cited by General George C. Marshall and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

[Turn to page 88]

"The Ancient and Modern Art of Glass"

"The Art of Glass, being one of the Most Noble and Curious of all other Arts, and the Wonderfulness of it . . . appearing so Curious and Entertaining, chiefly engaged my thoughts in the Study of its Principles, and to penetrate into the most hidden Secrets of it."

Such were the thoughts of an author written over two and a half centuries ago on the "Art of Glass." Since then man has indeed been penetrating into the "most hidden secrets" of it.

In the laboratories and plants of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, scientists have discovered many of the secrets of this art. The ancients would be amazed at such products as Solex heat-absorbing glass or Herculite heat-tempered glass.

Pittsburgh Plate's research will continue to probe this ancient but ever-new Art to provide us with glass products designed for better living.



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ASSOCIATED ARTISTS ANNUAL

OIL paintings comprise the strongest section of the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, according to the jury of selection. The strength of the oil paintings, both in number—206 appear in the show—and in quality, was stressed by them after two days spent on selection for the exhibit—a period of time double that of previous years and highly appreciated by the jurors. These included Isabel Bishop and Stuart Davis, painters; Robert Laurent, sculptor; Bartlett Hayes and Charles Nagel, museum directors.

The exhibit, which includes 541 pieces chosen from 1,140 entries of paintings, water colors, graphics and drawings, sculpture, and crafts by local artists, is currently to be seen in the third-floor galleries at Carnegie Institute until March 11, open for certain hours each day.

Twenty-nine prizes totaling \$2,185 were awarded, and a popular prize of \$100 chosen by visitors to the galleries will be announced on March 7. In addition to the prizes, regional artists are assured of purchases amounting to \$1,000 by the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art, for hanging in public schools of the city; also of a guarantee from seventeen civic-minded collectors of art of at least \$1,700 in sales or commissions before the exhibition closes. Meet the Artist Day brought interested crowds to the galleries on Sunday afternoon, February 21.

Comments on the exhibit by the five jury members are here given.

ISABEL BISHOP: The pictures, sculptures, and craft work seen by the jury for the forty-fourth Annual Exhibition showed great variety in concept and method.

The oil painting section was much the largest in works submitted, and this member

of the jury regretted that space limitation prevented the acceptance of more pictures. I think about a dozen more could very well have been included. So please feel, some of you whose pictures are not in the show, that we wanted your work, but just didn't have enough space!

Though a wide range of styles was represented in the oil-painting section, I felt that there were fewer genre paintings than when I was last here, ten years ago. In fact, the jury could find only a few pictures eligible for the



ABSTRACTION 21 BY EDWIN L. ANDERSON
Associated Artists First Prize

prize for "a Pittsburgh subject." Genre painting, however, is less everywhere.

The strongest style among the oils this year was, to my mind, semi-abstraction, with abstraction next. A few interesting representational works, however, stood out.

The water-color section also showed wonderful variety. There was brilliant work that might be called "humanistic," as well as handsome semi-abstractions and abstractions, including collages, and one or two works in the primitive style. Few examples were dull or commonplace.

This juror regretted that the graphic section contained so little etching. There were some fine drawings but, as I remember, not one engraving!

This Pittsburgh forty-fourth Annual Exhibition compares very favorably indeed, in my opinion, with other regional shows—I have seen about seven or eight—especially in the oil-painting and water-color sections. The sculpture and craft work I very much enjoyed seeing but feel even less qualified to speak about, and so I do not include them in my comparison.

It was an honor to be a member of this jury. Working as we did—with all of us reviewing all sections of the exhibition—we needed two whole days, but the experience was rewarding.

I have a suggestion for the graphic section: that the medium be indicated plainly on the back of each work. It seems to me important for a jury to know how the work was done.

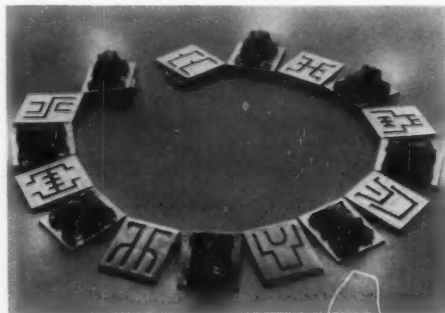
In the matter of the awards, it would surely be helpful if there were less severe limitations of eligibility for each prize!

STUART DAVIS: The current Annual of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh has a scope of styles, content, and technical accomplishment essential to a good exhibition of this inclusive character. It is regional in the geographic sense, but not in the range of its

art interests. I have found the same thing true of other regional showings in recent years—evidence of the integration of contemporary artists with the social and political world reality of our time. There did not seem to be any dominant style trend, except an expected and healthy proportion of modern styles in the most general sense. In regard to the different categories of media there is no doubt that the oil painting section is the strongest by far.

The jury system we used, in which all five members voted on every piece of work submitted in all categories of media, is certainly most fair as well as being the most arduous and time-consuming. The two full days of work involved means that no entrant suffered because of lack of thorough consideration.

Speaking as an individual, I was stimulated to see a number of strong works in the so-called Abstract and allied idioms. Now there are still some who have condescended to grant Abstract art the status of a "skeleton" in good art composition, but they are remiss in their anatomical studies. If an anatomical analogy is required, it can only be the "spinal column" that is appropriate to the case. I express my thanks especially to those artists of Pittsburgh who in their work and spirit



NECKLACE—STERLING WITH OBSIDIAN
By CLAUDE JENSEN
Vernon Benshoff Company Prize



TANGLED WOODS BY TERESA L. CHIANELLI
Somerset Trust Company Prize (Divided)

have made this correct identification and salute their certain victory.

BARTLETT HAYES, director of the Addison Gallery of American Art: An exhibition always instigates a conflict. The work of art demands to be admired alone. Its integrity lies in its own special quality. Yet in the company of the many works which the exhibit imposes it can never achieve its loneliness. The spectator can help by closing his eyes to all but a single work, yet it is a difficult act and rarely performed. Paradoxically, the justification of an exhibit is to confront the absolute work with comparisons. A jury works hard within these complexities. I found that the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh afforded opportunity for hard work. Without the two days allotted, this work would have been accomplished without pleasure—possibly without justice. There were in this forty-fourth Annual Exhibit many works to command the undivided attention and direct the thought and mood. There were many necessary comparisons to stimulate the imagination. The spectator will

find these things if he seeks them, the individualities and the kinships. His search and friendly recognition can encourage the lonely artist.

ROBERT LAURENT: It is too bad, in a way, that a jury selecting an exhibition so often misses seeing the works in place and hung. I am certain, however, that the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh will be an impressive and an exciting one, and for this reason I am somewhat disappointed that I will not have a chance to see it.

The exhibition should compare very favorably with other regionals I have seen or served on in recent years. The trend in style, I would say, is very much the same as in other parts of the country, except for perhaps the avant-garde movement, which is less felt and less apparent in the present show, both in paintings and sculpture.

Being a sculptor, naturally my first interest is sculpture. I was pleased to read that your board of directors is making a strong effort to encourage entries in sculpture. To help

this interest even more I would like here to make a suggestion: I would like to see in your future exhibitions a prize added to your present list to be given to the outstanding work of art in the exhibition, be it sculpture or painting, and make this prize the most important one every year. This, by the way, is done in many of our large and smaller exhibitions. Such a prize would certainly give an initiative, an urge to your sculptors and painters to send more important examples of their work. I strongly felt the lack of a few large pieces of sculpture. This would be of great importance to an exhibition of this size. Also it would be a good opportunity for someone to encourage your local artists. The best way, however, to encourage an artist is, as we all well know, to buy his work.

To the sculptors whose work was rejected I will say this, that many pieces were interesting in idea and conception. They were rejected, however, on the ground that they lacked technical knowledge, in other words they were not well enough executed. So do not be discouraged, keep on working. Many of these pieces could also become interesting sculpture if a little more time and work had been spent on them. Some of you, and I know it is so in other places, are so eager to enter work in an exhibition that often you do so before the piece is finished. It is a great mistake.

I was pleased to see so many different materials being used, surprised however at the almost unexisting representation of sculpture in welded iron and steel—a trend seen in large quantity in many of our exhibitions nowadays.

I liked the idea of the five jurors' having to judge and pass on every entry. This system, I



EMERGENCE BY SAMUEL ROSENBERG
Carnegie Institute Prize

feel, opens one's eyes often to things that one might sometimes overlook, and also one feels that the chance of passing by something that should be included in the exhibition is less apt to happen.

I also like the two days better than the one day you have had for judging in the past. I hardly see how the judging this year could have been accomplished in one day.

CHARLES NAGEL, director of the Brooklyn Museum: It was a very real pleasure to serve on the jury of the forty-fourth annual exhibition of the work of Pittsburgh artists. The Associated Artists organized the judging in splendid fashion with the idea of the efficiency and the comfort of the jury in mind. The composition of the jury was ideal, representing considerable range in point of view and geographical origin and a nice balance between practicing artists and museum men. Each juror had sincere convictions, expressed them vigorously and candidly, but a very real mutual respect for one another's point

of view was always maintained.

I believe that the jury acting as a unified body to judge everything in the show is the best plan, even though it necessarily requires more time. The judging naturally breaks down into sections, and if the painters take the lead in their field, the sculptor in his, the decorative arts man in his, the judging goes along smoothly and easily. It is most important to have a member of the Associated Artists present at all times to answer questions and form a liaison with the Institute personnel—particularly when the awards are being made, so that the jury understands the background of the prizes being offered and does not run counter to the tastes and wishes of the donor.

As to the show, the oil painting section was certainly the strongest, though there was excellent work in the sculpture and graphic sections. These could well be built up in comparison to the oil and water-color sections. Certain of the crafts—weaving, for instance—if submitted in greater number of entries and with more variety—rugs especially—might add a lively and colorful element to the show.

Leonard Lieb served as general chairman of the exhibition, and the officers of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh are the following: Carl M. Cochran, president; Mr. Lieb, vice president; Harriet L. Jenny, secretary; and Walter J. Kipp, treasurer.

PRIZE WINNERS

OIL PAINTINGS

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE PRIZE (\$200)

Samuel Rosenberg—*Unstilled Earth*
—*Emergence*

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS FIRST PRIZE (\$150)

Edwin R. Anderson—*Abstraction # 1*

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS SECOND PRIZE (\$100)

Leonard Lieb—*Luminous Night*

H. J. GRINSFELDER PRIZE (\$100)

Charles LeClair—*Basket Chairs, Schevingen Beach*

GARDEN CLUB OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY PRIZE (\$100)

Martha M. Morgan—*Field Trip*

CHRISTIAN J. WALTER MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$50)

Richard Wilt—*East Liberty*

WILLIAM J. STRASSBURGER MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$100)

Mary Foner—*Waiting for the Morning Trolley*

G. DAVID THOMPSON PRIZE (\$50)

Frappe—*Conversation # 4*

HENRY POSNER PRIZE (\$100)

Josephine Paul—*Silos*



CONVERSATION #4 BY FRAPPE

G. David Thompson Prize

OIL OR WATER COLOR

SOMERSET TRUST COMPANY PRIZE (\$100) (Divided)

Teresa L. Chianelli—*Tangled Woods*

Emily Sigal—*The Hills Beyond*

WATER COLORS

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS FIRST PRIZE (\$75)

Sam Scott—*Muted Reflection*

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS SECOND PRIZE (\$50)

Joseph McCullough—*Red Still Life*

CHARLES J. ROSENBLUM PRIZE (\$75)

Marie T. Kelly—*The Last Supper*

GRAPHICS AND DRAWINGS

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS PRIZE (\$50)

Gertrude Temeles Half—*Lights and Darks*

C. S. B. WARD PRIZE (\$50)

Anne St. John—*Mourning King*

SCULPTURE

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE PRIZE (\$100)

Virgil Cantini—*Crucifixion*

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS PRIZE (\$75)

Ila M. Smith—*Antelope*

EMILY MAYNADIER ARENSBERG MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$50)

Peter Lupori—*Crucifix*

SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS PRIZE (\$50)

Henry Bursztynowicz—*Fragment of a Saint*

JOHN F. CASEY MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$100)

Frank L. Melega—*The Prophet*

—*The Cross*

A. J. DIEBOLD, JR. PRIZE (\$100)

Edward Kosiewicz—*Behold the Handmaid of the Lord*

CRAFTS

MRS. ROY ARTHUR HUNT PRIZE (\$50)

Helen Hunt—*Adam and Eve*

—*St. George and Dragon*

VERNON BENSHOFF COMPANY PRIZE (\$25)

Claude Jensen—*Necklace—Sterling with Obsidian*

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS CRAFT PRIZE (\$25)

Frappé—*Necklace—Silver*

EDGAR J. KAUFMANN PRIZE (\$35)

Katherine Victorisz—*Bowl with Silver*

C. FRED SAUERREISEN PRIZE (\$100)

Carol Hagaman Miller—

Bowl with White Slip Decoration



FIELD TRIP BY MARTHA M. MORGAN
Garden Club of Allegheny County Prize

ANNE M. EDMUNDSON MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$25)

Mabel Harper Templin—*Catch-all Basket*

THE STUDIO SHOP PRIZE (\$50)

Edgar J. Trapp—*Earrings—Ebony and Silver*

GUSTAV H. NIEMEYER PRIZE (\$50)

Madalene Kipp—*Hand-wrought Silver Bowl*

NEW ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

[Continued from page 81]

On his return to this country he entered the New York art field again, becoming special assistant to the president of the American Federation of Art as a promotion consultant, until 1949, when he joined Raymond & Raymond, a nationally known art reproduction and graphic firm, as vice-president and director.

In assisting Gordon Washburn, Mr. Arkus succeeds John O'Connor, Jr., who retired as associate director of fine arts last May.

STONE, WOOD, AND BRICKS

HERBERT P. WEISSBERGER

FOR their proper setting, there is probably no fundamental difference in the esthetic needs of a sculpture in the round shown in a museum gallery and one of monumental size seen in a park or city square. One is located in a room, the other in the open air; both exist in space. From the larger space which is surrounding it, the sculpture, whether big or little, requires a proportionate measure of surrounding smaller space (1) wherein to establish itself in its own identity, and (2) from which to carry on some of its principal functions.

If these basic requirements are met as, for instance, in Giuseppe Moretti's monument at the entrance to Schenley Park, the figures of Stephen Foster and his companion seem to come to life and, under the spell of melody, are leading forever an existence full of enchantment. Their state of blissful remoteness is an essential feature of this gently conceived work of art, the narrative and intimacy of which would suffer were the group crowded in among extraneous elements or lost in wide spaces. As it is, the note of intimacy, and through it the monument's identity, have been safeguarded. For it is placed within a proper spatial setting which, by contrast to the nearby traffic lanes and parking lots, paradoxically gains in its effect of isolation and reposefulness.

The main function of a work of art is to communicate with the world outside of its own confines. As to sculpture in the round—that is, as to consciously shaped three-dimensional form—this truism may be amended. Physically considered, in order to fulfill its function, such a form, whether a monument or a porcelain figure, whether abstract or naturalistic, calls for the help of

another form. This, perhaps, may sound involved. Stated in simpler terms, a sculpture—always granting exceptions—needs a pedestal.

The seated statues of Michelangelo and Galileo by J. Massey Rhind at the end of the steps leading to the Fine Arts-Museum entrance of Carnegie Institute would look out of place were they not resting upon an elevation. So would the watchful lions in front of innumerable public buildings. Lifted from the ground, the statues of Michelangelo and Galileo, in full possession of their dignity, fit logically into the total of the architectural scheme for which they were intended. Placed in their proper position they communicate with the outside world by projecting themselves against it and at the same time by absorbing it. They can be seen to advantage from the distance, or horizontally, as well as from close, or below, or vertically.

A historic instance in the history of art, at least during recent times, is the combined efforts of Stanford White, the architect, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, to arrive at a successful solution of precisely this problem of harmonizing horizontals and verticals in connection with the sculptor's monument to Admiral Farragut at New York, finished in 1881.

Recently a fascinating experiment in verticals and horizontals was carried out in the Fine Arts Department of Carnegie Institute.

Herbert P. Weissberger is curator of decorative arts in the Department of Fine Arts. Before joining the staff of Carnegie Institute last fall he taught History of Art at New York University.

He is the author of over thirty articles on Spanish Art in Harper's *Encyclopedia* and a contributor to leading art magazines. This article, he says, "was written after a tourist's tour in my own museum."

For the exhibition of sculpture by Adolph Dioda (held jointly with paintings by William Kienbusch, January 17—February 21) a type of pedestal was created by James W. Lindsay, chief of design, which marks a departure in our gallery installations. So far as I know, it has not been tried to the same extent elsewhere. The idea originated in protest against the kind of prevailing museum pedestals made of wooden board, painted usually with a neutral color.

In accenting the idea, the lead was taken from the work of art itself. The cardinal points considered were dimensions, proportions, and volume of each sculpture; the sensation conveyed by its weight; dynamics; texture—wood, stone from sandstone to marble—and color and surface values. The material for the pedestals that would comply with the specifications derived from these premises had to be sturdy, of good natural color, and, above all, of a surface texture that would be in sympathetic correspondence with the surface texture of the object it was to support. Naturally, it had to be handsome and economical too.

Mr. Lindsay's choice was common brick. Not only did brick meet each of the requirements mentioned, but additional and unsuspected advantages were revealed as the work was going on. A pedestal of wood may perhaps be cut down if too large, but if too small cannot be stretched. Brick is co-operative. By adding or by taking away from the block, the volume of the pedestal can be reduced or increased, in height or in width, until nearly perfect dimensions in proportion to the work of art and to the space surrounding it are obtained; that is, until the proper measure is achieved by means of horizontals and verticals—to which we may add the diagonals sped on by the glance of the onlooker when looking from an angle.

The design of the pedestals ranged from

plain to more elaborate shapes, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. Although inflexible oblongs, bricks can be combined so as to give geometric solids of various types, including polygonal shapes approaching almost roundness. Thus, as may be seen, brick pedestals can always be fashioned to conform with the ground plan and axial movement of a sculpture. Not only the structural but also the ornamental possibilities inherent in this material were excitingly exploited by Mr. Lindsay. By the simple device of pushing some back and pulling others forward, bricks



OAK FIGURE ON GREEN VERMONT SLATE
SUPPORTED BY BRICK PEDESTAL



MARBLE SCULPTURE RESTING ON RED VERMONT SLATE, WITH THREE BRICK SUPPORTS

—partly extending, partly receding from their wall surface—formed decorative patterns lending animation to the structure. But this was not all. If in selected spots bricks were deeply recessed or entirely omitted, small cavities inaccessible to light were formed. Shrouded in darkness, these areas contrasted, sometimes rhythmically, sometimes dramatically, with those areas next to them that were exposed to light. Thus by such natural means as these—for which the great Austrian scholar Alois Riegel used the term *tief und dunkel*, or deep and dark—a coloristic effect was obtained without aid of brush and paint.

"This gives me an idea," was a comment heard from more than one visitor to the exhibition. No more pleasing tribute could have been paid. It meant: "What is done here, I shall do now—in my own way—in my home, in my garden." In constructing the pedestals, shape and color were not considered as ends in themselves. This would have been tantamount to an effort of creating an atmosphere of purely decorative appeal.

If there reigned, as it happened, an atmosphere of decorative beauty in the galleries, the decorative element was an organic offshoot of the main purpose: to provide a logical and sensitive setting always subservient to Mr. Dioda's wonderful art. Thus, the slabs of dull green slate underneath the figure of a kneeling woman (illustrated) enhancing the light brown of the wood in which it is carved, the whiteness of the marble of the assembled group of animal sculpture (illustrated) detaching itself from its base of soft red slate, were more than mere color refinements. These slabs were islands—color islands—affording these figures their spatial habitat. In sum, to each of the sculptures, single or in units, was given its space within a larger space. As in the case of Stephen Foster's endearing monument, they were isolated in a world of their own, where their individuality was respected and from which their identity was able to reflect itself.

Unless used in a display of a more permanent nature, every pedestal must of necessity

[Turn to page 105]

CHINESE ORACLE BONES

WALTER READ HOVEY

STUDENTS of semantics, or perhaps just those interested in Scrabble, have possibilities for discovery and amusement in puzzling over a rare collection of oracle bones in the possession of Carnegie Museum.

It seems that during the Shang period (1766-1122 B.C.), and probably earlier in Chinese history, it was the custom to seek guidance through observing the way sacrificial bones cracked when subjected to fire. Sometimes these bones had characters engraved on them, and it is these inscriptions that make them of value to the student today.

The Carnegie examples were purchased in 1910 and consist of 438 fragments, all of which are inscribed. They apparently formed part of a great find of some three thousand fragments that were exhumed near Wei Hui Fu, in the province of Honan, in 1899. About four hundred examples from this early discovery of what the Chinese called dragon bones were later purchased for the Shanghai Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society. Others are in the British Museum, the Royal Scottish Museum, and the Chicago Natural History Museum, but the greater portion went to Carnegie Museum.

In recent years much material has been published relevant to these bones. Numerous records of Chinese archeological work in the Far East are available in the Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Department Library at the University of Pittsburgh. However, specific references to the Carnegie examples are not readily accessible. Two important works should be mentioned. *The Couling-Chalfant Collection of Inscribed Oracle Bone* by Roswell S. Britton (Shanghai, 1935) reproduces 1,687 pieces and lists 83 examples as either wholly or partially spurious. J. M. Menzie's *Oracle*

Records from the Waste of Yin (Shanghai, 1917) mentions a few of these examples in a study based on some 50,000 pieces. An article, "The Picture Writing of Shang," by H. E. Gibson, in the December 1934 issue of *China Journal*, contains plates showing 189 of the specimens from the Shanghai Museum, and lists 38 modern Chinese characters with, in each case, several of their early pictographic variants as seen on these oracle bones.

Further discussion of the evolution of some pictographic and ideographic forms pertaining in general to the bones of the Wei Hui Fu find, by Frank H. Chalfant, from whom the Carnegie examples were purchased, is contained in Volume IV of the *Memoirs of the Museum*. Some of these pieces, however, and especially those carved in the shape of tortoise shells, have been pronounced forgeries by the celebrated authority, H. G. Creel, in his *Studies in Early Chinese Culture* (First series, page 2. Baltimore, 1937). Probably the work of most importance to those interested in bone inscriptions, however, is known as *Chia Ku Wen Pien*, by Sun Hai-Po (Peiping, 1934). It contains in an appendix characters not yet recognized. An excellent and later work is *Bone Culture of Ancient China* by William Charles White, published in 1945 as number four of Museum Studies by the University of Toronto Press. Thus there is a good foundation to aid the scholar in his quest of decipherment.

While it would be possible to discover the meaning of most of the characters in the Car-

Dr. Hovey is head of the Henry Clay Frick Department of Fine Arts at the University of Pittsburgh. He teaches a course in Oriental Art at the University and owns a collection of oriental art, early bronze, and ceramics, much of which is on view in the Department.



DRAWINGS OF "DRAGON BONE" FRAGMENTS FROM MEMOIRS OF THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM, VOL. IV

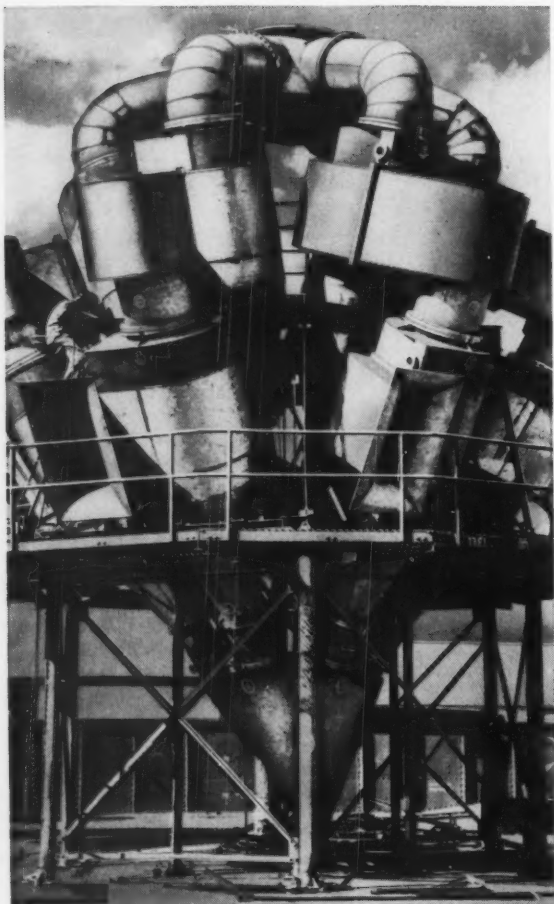
negie examples, the messages might not be particularly rewarding to those primarily concerned with the history of ideas. These symbols have to do with names of places and men, of diviners and stars and constellations. The real interest is rather in the peculiar form the symbol takes, whether representation of an object or of an intangible idea. Of course there is plenty of opportunity for speculation and error. A dollar sign could hardly stand for American currency, nor the hammer and sickle even suggest Russia, yet these and other familiar devices occur.

The problem of creating a line or form expressive of a mood is the great preoccupation of the modern artist. Perhaps this search for originality is the basis of non-objective art today. It is intriguing to puzzle over some calligraphic flourishes in paintings such as those of Juro Kubicek or of Theodor Werner in the Gallery of Contemporary Painting on the third floor of Carnegie Institute and to find similar linear markings on these oracle bones of the second millennium B.C. in the Museum vault.

The evolution of writing and language perhaps involves emotional and psychological qualities akin to the expressive desires of the contemporary artist. Etymology in the

Chinese language appeals mainly to the eye, and the distinctive visual approach of the Chinese mind has only recently come to the attention of the western mind. These oracle bones, fragmentary rejections of a superstitious era, serve as an important evidence of the beginning of a great cycle of esthetic accomplishment. Toward the end of the Shang dynasty, divination by this method fell into disuse. But there is a continuity revealed in ritual bronzes of the period, which in turn carry the evolution on to the official characters of the Han period on which present-day Chinese characters are based. It was while investigating an archaic inscription on a Shang bronze in my possession that I first heard in New York of these earlier records in Carnegie Museum.

This is not the place to follow in detail the history or the methods of research in this important field. Chinese scholars have developed a taste for these really new discoveries in recent years. Lin Yutang in his fine novel *Moment in Peking* shows the absorption of this interest on the part of one of his characters. It is perhaps worthy of note to us in Pittsburgh that we have here under our protection source documents of such significance.



VISITOR FROM OUTER SPACE?

No, despite its strange, other-worldly appearance, this is no product of extra-terrestrial intelligence, no flying saucer. It's a perfectly practical, very down-to-earth catalyst collector in a large petroleum refinery. Noteworthy, however, is the extensive use of USS Stainless Steel in its fabrication . . . to provide corrosion resistance combined with great strength. Only Steel can do so many jobs so well.



UNITED STATES STEEL

THROUGH THE DARKNESS

Comments on "The Spirit of St. Louis" by Charles A. Lindbergh

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

We have a hunger for heroism. This is revealed in those of our dreams which psychiatrists generally neglect. Modern advocates of the mind speak a great deal and with increasing knowledge of the dreams of night, but they rarely study the dreams of the waking hours, the daydreams.

It seems, to make a quick characterization, that there is a basic difference between the dreams of night and the dreams of day. Most of our night dreams are dreams of fear. Most of our daydreams are dreams of triumph. In the night, when the "guardian" falls asleep, all the horrors and all the suppressed fears leap up into the semiconsciousness and create nightmares, a dramatization of the things that we deeply dread; but in the daytime our consciousness dreams of all the things that we supremely seek. Thus the night dreams are generally our fears, and the daydreams our hopes.

The daydreams represent the longed-for picture of ourselves: great success, great attainment, respected, revered—the hero. And perhaps the hunger for the heroic in literature and history is the pathetic reassurance to us that our daydreams are still attainable. That is exactly what the much deprecated American poet Longfellow—at whom it has been fashionable for two generations now to sneer—meant when he said, "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." That is the secret of the eternal appeal of the heroic, and that is why the story of heroes will never vanish from human history.

In our lifetime we had an unheroic period, an antiheroic attitude not so long ago. It was after the First World War had ended, and

the wild expansion of the stock market took place. Everybody was intent upon riches, sudden magical riches, and almost every person of every station and place in American life was a stock-market speculator. Morals grew wild and drinking grew prevalent to defeat the prohibition amendment. It was the era of bathtub gin, the era of jazz wildness, the era of crazy dress, the era in which the crystal vessel of human morality was smashed into fragments. Never had the morality, the ethics, the standard of America sunk so low.

Yet just at that time when we were at our lowest level, a boy, a tall, slim, silent boy came out of the west and flew the first solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean and landed safely in Paris. America and all the world went wild. Just when we were needing it most, heroism had suddenly come back into the world with adventure and magical attainment. The daydream became possible again. It is hard to remember now how our hearts were lifted up. Suddenly the obscure became famous. The unknown became a hero at a time when the heroic mood had almost vanished.

But heroes come and go, especially in these days of hothouse publicity. It is possible for a person to become famous overnight and, like Jonah's gourd, to shrivel in the night. There have been many ex-heroes in our modern experience. The tempo of becoming well known and then sinking again into oblivion is very much faster than it ever was before. Yet this particular hero stayed in American consciousness for a decade for special reasons. First of all, he made a "storybook" marriage. He married the young Morrow girl, daughter

of a well-known and honored family. It was like a proper award for grand attainment; it seemed romantically right. Then they had their first child; and then came the kidnapping and murder, and America's heart was touched by that horror. As part of that whole experience, the radio grew up to its present status. Gabriel Heatter became internationally famous for being able to talk for a whole day over the open radio.

It was a tremendously stirring and exciting and unhappy time. The boy who had flown across the Atlantic, he who was the adored hero, had now become a symbol of the tragic hero. Taciturn now, and unwilling to speak, he was the tragic hero, the symbol of human suffering.

He continued in prominence because he traveled to Germany during the rise of the Nazi power. And to our astonishment he came back with words of praise for the so-called "wave of the future" that was being developed in the German lands. (This was the son of Congressman Lindbergh, a La Follette-type of western congressman, a liberal of the old populist mood of the radical west.)

Then, when England was in danger and it was evident that America would have to join in the battle for the deliverance of the world from barbarism, he became one of the leading isolationists. It seemed shocking to most Americans that the flyer who arose from nowhere and received the adulation of the American people, the spanner of the ocean who knew better than anybody else that the world was one, that he should have become an isolationist, willing to leave England to its fate and have Germany represent the "wave of the future." He dropped into obscurity. The adored hero, the tragic hero, now became the fallen hero, and almost the forgotten one.

It is true, as was later discovered, that during the period of his unhappy obscurity he

served his country. His great knowledge of aviation was put to use by the Pentagon, and he gave much valuable advice in various parts of the world, but in that he was now no different from a thousand other aviation officers. The hero had sunk into oblivion.

When, this year, it was announced that the half-forgotten Charles Augustus Lindbergh had written the story of his flight across the ocean, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, the news was received with some bewilderment. What is the good of such a book? In the first place, the story is now old. In the second place, he had already written it, or it had been ghost-written for him, under the title, *We*, right after his return from Europe. Why tell the story over again? This unhappy man who had such fame and had such tragedy and got off so unfortunately on the wrong track in the world situation—what has he to tell us?

So people picked up that book with half discomfort, thinking that even an unnecessary book of a person whom once we loved deserves at least that we should struggle through the book that he belatedly rewrote. The reading proved to be an astonishing experience. The book showed imaginative thought and depth of feeling. It was a surprisingly moving book. The book should have been a failure by all preliminary anticipation, but it is not.

It has reawakened many old feelings for this once-famous man now in his fifties. One might say that it has made of him, if not the restored hero, then at least the recollected hero, rescued at least from oblivion. He has done it, I am sure, himself, because it is so personal that no ghost writer could have haunted those deep corridors of a man's heart. All in all, it is a remarkable book.

The stirring story of the flight is well

This is the third of four articles appearing this year in *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* that are derived from the book reviews given by Dr. Freehof in his annual series for the public at the Rodef Shalom Temple.

known, but the emotions awakened by its retelling need analysis. Nowadays we fly over the ocean in great Constellations manned by a crew like a liner. We fly over the weather, and every now and then if we have interesting company we can forget to be nervous. It is a safe, secure, commonplace journey. Compared with modern flight, Lindbergh's feat has become archaic. It is equivalent to looking at an old original Ford car or some old Winton Sixes. It is a museum interest. The progress has been so rapid and so great, and one wonders, therefore, why the book should be so instantly interesting. The very danger and the romance have been properly taken out of aviation, and still the book is interesting.

One reason, certainly, is that the very success of aviation has increased the number of aviators by tens of thousands, and the aviators are in one regard a race apart. These airmen think differently from the rest of us. All people who go to distant places and come back to the settled life of the old inhabited cities bring back memories of the distances in their eyes and in their hearts. They are never quite at home again. Those boys who sailed away on whaling ships from New Bedford and from Nantucket on voyages of two or three years down to the very rim of the antarctic ice would come back and would never be the same people again—different New Englanders now. A platform was built on their houses so that they could look out over the ocean. The sea was forever in their hearts. They were now only sojourners and strangers on land. So it was with the caravan men who lived in the desert. Now it is so today with a new breed of men, the air people with different ideas from ours and different emotional make-up.

It is not mere curiosity that tempts us to find out how they think and what they feel. Airmen are vital to our national defense, to

our destiny as a country. Much of the counsel of war and of defense is given by Air Force people. How good is their counsel? How safe is their advice? They always suggest different procedures from sea men and earth men, the Navy and the Army. Is it safe to follow them? What are these air-people like?

Here then is a boy who gives us now what he could not have given us in his inarticulate twenties, the psychology, the inner thoughts, the dreams of the airmen: what it feels like to sail away free from the roughness of earth; what it feels like to be hidden away from earth by a layer of cloud; how it feels to be master of distance; to find adventure; to hear voices of the future; to become a different sort of person, freed from human limitations. We will need still more explanations of the minds of these people who live in the air. We will have to know to what extent we should be inspired by their vision and to what extent we should guard ourselves against their recklessness. The importance of the book is that it is a fairly deep self-revelation of one of the earlier airmen, and typical of what this medium and this mobility, this conquest of space, create in the hearts and minds of its conquerors.

The psychology of airmen has already been somewhat analyzed once before. A famous French aviator, St. Exupery, wrote two books, mostly of his flights from Paris down to Algiers. But they are mystic books, the religious, or semireligious moods that an airman gets flitting around infinity. Lindbergh's description is, perhaps, more to the point, but it is something else.

This is not merely a description of aviators in general, although it is valuable as such. It is a description of an inner life of a man whom all of us have long been wanting to understand. His dislike of newspaper publicity was understandable. It came to him as a shock when he landed in New York from

St. Louis. It came to him in all its brashness. But, after all, a man should understand that all this publicity is in response to a demand. People want to know. They want to read the hearts of their heroes. They want to find out their humanness. That is why all those pictures of him embracing his mother were made. We want to feel that our heroes are people like us, because if they are not like us, then they do not reassure us that our daydreams can also be fulfilled. So there was a very human reason behind all the ugly brashness of the publicity. There is an understandable desire to know the hearts of our heroes, and here at last a former hero, hitherto silent, gives us his heart.

First, we learn of the forces that molded him, all the difficulties that he had; what the joys were of learning to fly; his special type of self-reliance, his combination of careful scientific preparation and ultimate recklessness, the awesome sense of being always on

the edge of death, his conviction that it is good to live that way, that life can only be lived with risk; and what then if he has just ten years before he, too, crashes, as all his predecessors have crashed? Would it not be worth while to have lived those ten years in glorious flight above the earth?

We learn what was in his temperament, the combination of silence and the hunger to express; the mixture of carefulness and the bravado of carelessness; the premature middle-aged mood of self-control and the youthful desire for adventure. A hero has fully revealed himself, and that is what we have been looking for. That is what the noisy newspapermen wanted all these years, and that is what makes it a very moving book.

Besides giving us the inner life of airmen and the spirit of the silent hero, there is something deeper; namely, why was the book so tense? Why was it so thrilling? It ought not to have been. It did not have the suspense



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of an unguessed conclusion. Anybody who opened the book knew exactly how it was going to end. And yet, throughout that whole enterprise you were agonized with Lindbergh: over the Rockies when the "Spirit of St. Louis" was about to end its career right at its beginning; when you helped him get that heavy-laden plane off the ground; you fought with him to keep from the hypnosis of sleep; you trembled every time the plane trembled; and you rejoiced with him when at last he saw the fishermen off the Irish coast. Why all this suspense when you knew the answer right from the beginning?

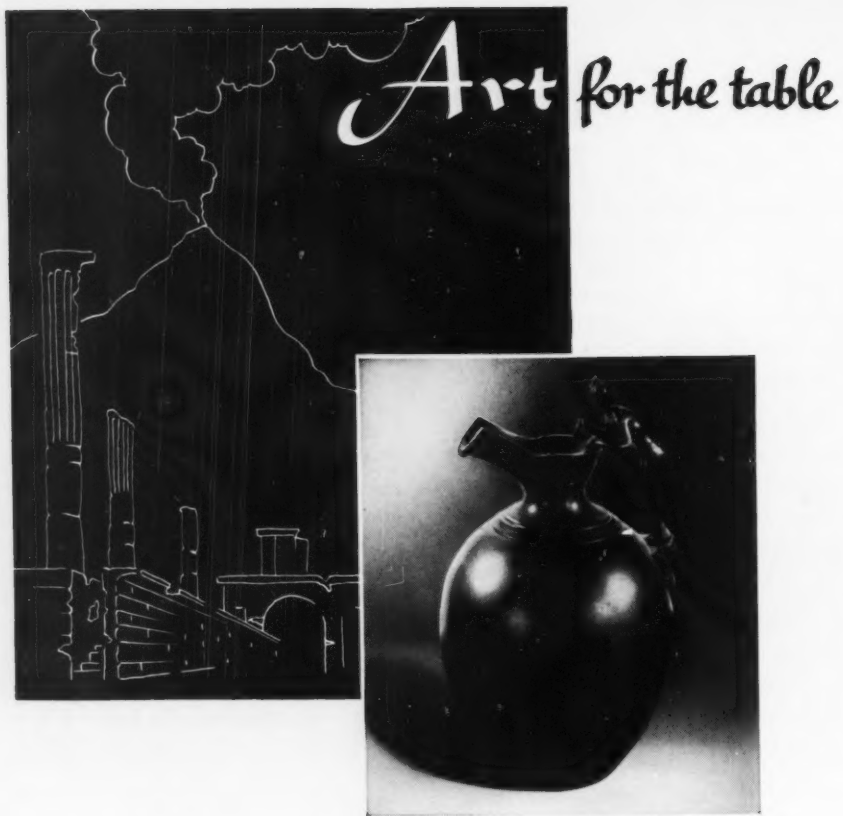
It is evident that while this is a factual story of an actual historic event, it is, as history gets to be, a symbol of an eternal fact. There is involved in that flight, whose outcome we already know, another flight whose ultimate outcome we know but whose immediate outcome we do not know. We notice Lindbergh's obsession with death. Right from the beginning he speaks of the solemnity of knowing every few miles of the mail route where one aviator or another had crashed to his death; and that aviation is a matter of surviving earlier crashes. Over the ocean he says: "Am I already in eternity; am I still alive, or is this the life beyond, amid strange clouds, with nothing visible, neither sky nor ocean? Why is it then I was not aware of that final crash, that shock that would have taken me over the threshold from this life to another?" The sense of life and its ending is constantly present. I doubt whether consciously he intended it, but he has made death a symbol of this historic flight. He has made this flight a symbol of the human journey from its beginning to the end.

To the extent that he developed flight as a symbol of life and death, he follows a classic tradition. Mankind has always converted its mode of transportation into a symbol of the journey of life itself. In the early

days, when the only sure transportation was on foot, trudging through the sands, that mode of transportation became the symbol of human career. Then later, in the East where Scripture was written, when men traveled over the desert in camel caravans, the caravan became the symbol of the journey of life into the unknown. The ships of the seafaring days were a symbol of the journey into the unknown ocean, "crossing the bar" of the harbor. The transportation that led man into the distance was always the symbol for the journey of human life.

And here too this man, taking his lone flight over an ocean, had made his journey the symbol of every life, the life that begins with impatient youth, eager to get started against the competition of others; the planning and the recklessness of the early years; the journey that is still accompanied by others; and finally, at time's middle life, we find ourselves over the ocean alone, a plaything of the storms, with final danger at every hand, and death the end of any relaxation and weakening. For many, like the previous aviators of whom Lindbergh is constantly aware, the struggle with the storms of life ends up in unknown death. But sometimes, fortunately, we come through our first great struggles, back to the life of human beings. We have survived. The engine, the heart, continued when it might have stopped. The wings have held up against the storm, and we land at Le Bourget for another lease on life.

As we read the book we feel this flight as the symbol of the flight of life, and the old metaphor of caravans and ships and pilgrims has now been translated into modern terms. That is, perhaps, the basic reason why this book is so moving. The aviator's flight has become a pilgrim's progress. Every man's life was carried in the frail cockpit of the "Spirit of St. Louis."



Courtesy Carnegie Museum

August 24, 79 A. D.—it was a busy afternoon in Herculaneum at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius. Men of affairs hurried between the forum and the theater, past the temple, down the street of smart shops. Beyond, in the lovely villas with pillared courtyards, mothers played with children while numerous servants went about their daily chores.

Suddenly from the mountain—a burst of steam, a streak of fire, a rush of stone and thick, black mud—and the town was still, sealed in silence beneath sixty feet of slowly hardening earth.

For 1700 years there were no stirrings from Herculaneum, then archaeologists began their diggings. This beautifully formed, lustrous bronze jug with its amusing satyr handle is one of hundreds of treasures taken from the city's ruins. Together with fine statuary, colorful mosaics, exquisite paintings, this decorative piece of tableware and hundreds like it are mute evidence of how advanced was the culture stopped short that fateful day.

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STRICTLY FOR THE PEOPLE

COLUMBA LIVIA

Just because I happen to be a pigeon, that doesn't mean I always look at everything from a pigeon's point of view. You may not have realized it, but some of us go in for people-watching just as you do for bird-watching, only we call our organization the Audible Society because the species we're interested in is noted for making more noise than all the rest of the animal kingdom put together. I've been active in the Society ever since I was a fledgling, and as head of the Western Pennsylvania chapter I feel I'm qualified to say a few words about something that's been much in the news of late.

All last summer and fall you could hardly pick up a Pittsburgh paper without seeing some reference to the demolition of the old Wabash Building and what it would mean to us pigeons. It's true, Ferry and Diamond has been home to a lot of us in years past. My own family was one of the earliest settlers. But that's neither here nor there. The point I want to make is that these newspapers don't go all out on behalf of us displaced pigeons and see that steps are taken to relieve our housing shortage. On the contrary, they keep warning people in other buildings to look out, because we might be getting ready to move in. To hear them tell it, you'd think it was a bad thing instead of a good thing to have birds around. That's why I'd like to clear up a few misunderstandings here,



before anybody gets too badly confused.

First let's consider the question of civic pride. Probably the one charge most often brought against us is that we are lacking in this noble sentiment. I don't know how you folks account for all the out-of-town pigeons who have moved to Pittsburgh in recent years, if not by our missionary efforts. Back

around 1936 you couldn't get one to consider such a thing. They said it was no place to bring up a family. Now they're coming in from Wheeling and Cleveland and all over, simply because we natives have spread the word about smoke control and highway relocation and the rest of it. Don't get me wrong. Some of my best friends are press agents. I just think it should be more generally acknowledged that all the word-of-mouth publicity about the Pittsburgh renaissance doesn't originate at No. 200 Ross Street.

Of course the chief criticism is that we make life difficult for Pa Pitt's Partners. This is a rather delicate matter and one I'd sooner not go into at great length, although I might point out that people—especially civilized people—are just about the worst offenders when it comes to disfiguring either the urban or the rural scene. More important, though, is the widely unrecognized fact that we operate clean-up squads of our own. We pigeons, with our preference for a starchy diet, make an inconspicuous but significant contribution to this work by getting rid of spilled grains and various cereal products that would otherwise attract more insects and rodents than you might think. Naturally the big job is done by meat-eating birds who attack these pests directly. Maybe you've

The author, who is president of the Audible Society of Western Pennsylvania, received a citation for distinguished service in the Signal Corps during the Second World War. His best-known work is a critical study of the late Gertrude Stein entitled *People on the Grass Alas*.



seen the new wildlife show that opened last fall out at Carnegie Museum, where credit is given to some of our country cousins for decimating insect populations on the farm and in the woods. Well, the same free exterminating service is available right here in Pittsburgh just as long as there's some place for the exterminators to live. I hate to think how many flies, fleas, and assorted bugs would be sharing your quarters next summer if it weren't for us birds.

Since most of us have to kill in order to eat, it's only fair that we should get killed and eaten ourselves. That's one of Nature's oldest laws, and it sometimes makes fools out of people who say they don't like birds. As a rule they change their tune at a Thanksgiving or Christmas feast when the *pièce de résistance* is provided by a collateral branch of what I am proud to call my family. Then there are some who prefer a bird on the other side of a gun sight. That's all right, too. We like a sporting proposition ourselves, and you'd be surprised how easy some hunters are to outwit. The trouble with both these

kinds of people is that they look down their noses at certain birds who live on meat but don't do their own killing. Considering the valuable service such scavengers render in cleaning up the countryside, I feel it ill becomes a human being to criticize them. There's only one creature I know of that constructs elaborate devices to kill other members of his own species—not to eat, but for some occult reason no bird has ever been able to grasp. When this is done on a large scale it makes a mess that lasts sometimes for generations. Until people learn to clean up this kind of mess or stop making it in the first place, they might have the grace to keep quiet about the unattractive habits of certain birds.

Now, I hope this doesn't sound as if I thought Man spent all his time hunting and killing and eating. Naturally I know better than that. When it comes to esthetics he's got the rest of us stopped, for out of all species ever created he's the only one that can fairly be called an artist. You might think I'd advance some claim on behalf of my

own kind—for instance, the bowerbirds who build flowery honeymoon cottages to please their brides. Well, that may have some remote connection with art, but it doesn't really count because it's done purely by instinct. No, the most you can say for us is that we've provided real artists with a good deal of raw material. Although I come of a rather retiring stock myself, some of our showier families have been in demand as painters' models ever since people discovered pigment. Then think of all the human designers who work in feathers instead of paint. South of the border in the old days they used to make whole costumes out of the bright-colored kinds, and despite what's happened to the plume business in the past fifty years, we still furnish plenty of material for milliners. Count in the themes we've contributed to

music and the starring roles we've played in folklore down through the ages—well, I could write a book.

Mind you, the last thing I want to do is get involved in any Class struggle, though I will maintain that Aves is a grand old name. In pointing out what there is to be said for birds I'm only trying to see that we get a square deal, that's all.

So think twice before you put pigeon-poison or spikes on your windowsills. It might pay you to set out a Welcome mat instead, since there's a lot we can do for you in return.

One last request, now that our old home is gone forever. When you're in the presence of Pittsburgh pigeons, please don't sing *Moonlight on the Wabash*, because we just get all choked up.

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COLLECTORS CORNER

WILLIAM P. SNYDER III has a taste for aristocrats among old automobiles. Fifteen years of searching for them, negotiating like a diplomat to acquire them, and personally rebuilding them has given him a connoisseur's taste so that, as he says, of the 2,275 different name cars that have been manufactured in America, there are only a few machines he really aspires to own; and these in a particular year and body style are very hard to come by. Among them he lists a Peerless, a Locomobile, a Mercer, a Pope-Toledo, and a Lozier.

His present collection, which he shares with his brother, G. Whitney Snyder, numbers ten automobiles. These are kept in the old carriage house at the Snyder home in Sewickley, along with a number of old-time carriages that belonged to the family. Their most recent acquisition is a French car, a 1903 Mors, bought in England last spring.

Among their cars are a 1909 Packard Runabout, a Stutz, a Hupmobile. Possibly the favorite is a 1910 Pierce-Arrow Runabout, which they consider the finest automobile ever manufactured in the United States. The collection began with a 1912 Simplex, very high powered and sporty for its day, which their father owned as a college student. The two sons kept and subsequently restored it to an absolutely new condition, rebuilding everything themselves except the top and the upholstery.

The restoration of these cars is done by Mr. Snyder in his spare time away from the Shenango-Penn Mold Company, of which he is president—time remaining, that is, from his activities as president of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, and other civic interests.

"I didn't know a hub cap from a door-

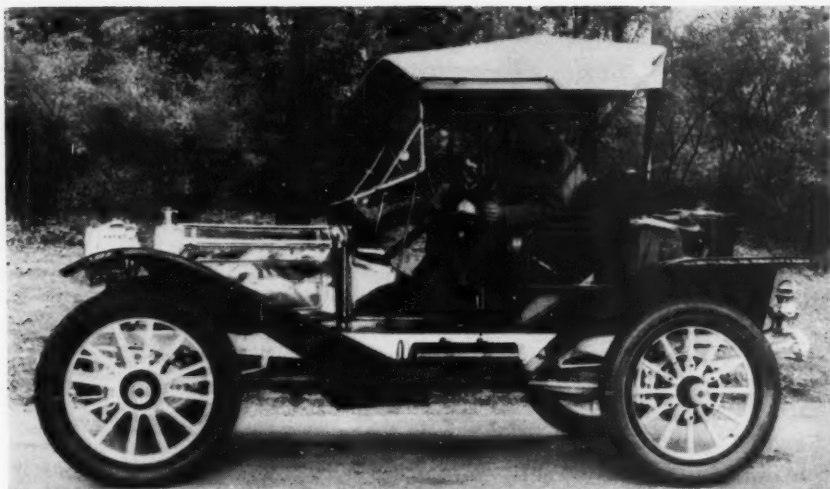
knob," he claims, but explains that his general knowledge about cars has been acquired from actually working on them. He gives credit to his brother for a great deal of mechanical ingenuity and for taking the lead in this pursuit.

In making a collector's item of an antique automobile, the owner strives for the authenticity of the original model, carrying out his restoration program in minute detail both as to exterior appearance and mechanical perfection. Presently under restoration in the Snyder garage is a Stanley Steamer with "nightmare plumbing," acquired in Georgia as a result of one of the advertisements inserted in widely scattered country newspapers.

"Oh, we drive them all the time," Mr. Snyder explains, quite surprised that anyone would ask, although he admits the cars seem to respond best to their own master's touch—cranking, for example, requires not only strength but a "certain knack."

The quest for a particular old automobile sometimes takes years, and then usually an owner is unwilling to sell because of sentimental attachment. A few of the very finest are still available around the country, stored away in barns, carriage houses, garages, or even outdoors, but the competition among collectors to acquire these cars is extremely keen. The most desired car in America today, among collectors of antique autos, is the Mercer Raceabout, which was manufactured during a little more than a decade after 1912. These have sold as high as \$6,000, restored. Prices for old cars in the rough range from \$100 upwards.

Mr. Snyder names Henry Austin Clarke, Jr., of Long Island, as possessor of the country's largest and finest collection of old cars, numbering some 250, and of course James



1909 PACKARD RUNABOUT WITH MR. SNYDER AT THE WHEEL

Melton's collection is well known. The latter has recently installed his 150 or so autos in an Autorama at Hypoluxo, near Miami, Florida, in a huge building lavishly decorated for the display.

Collectors of antique automobiles have three national associations with a membership of ten thousand people all over the country, each group issuing its own slick-paper quarterly. Both Mr. Snyder and his brother belong to all three, the former being a director of the largest association, the Antique Automobile Club of America.

The two men have taken an active part in the Glidden Tours, which are a revival of old-time auto caravans, and have been held each autumn since 1946. The Tours were begun in 1904 by Charles Glidden, a New England manufacturer, to demonstrate the reliability of American-made automobiles, and ran each year until 1914. Last fall Mr. and Mrs. Snyder drove their 1912 Simplex on the trip into Ohio and Michigan and he will be shortly joining in preparations for a Tour into New England this year.

There are several other active collectors in the Pittsburgh area, as well as about seventy-five members belonging to the various antique automobile clubs.

Analyzing collections in an over-all picture, Mr. Snyder declares that old cars as a hobby can interest a whole family with varying points of view.

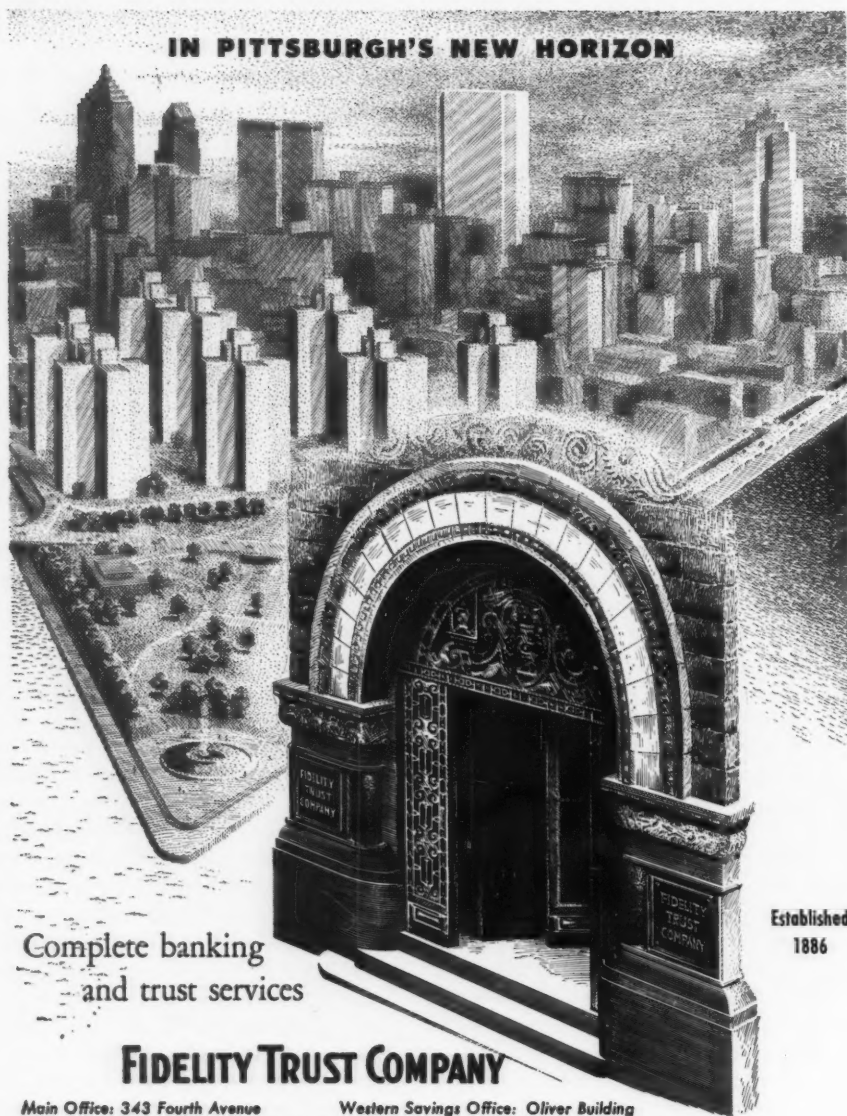
STONE, WOOD, AND BRICKS

[Continued from page 91]

be demolished at the end of a temporary exhibition. Each brick, put back to the heap from which it came, is now once more "just another brick"—until, with fresh exigencies arising, it will again do its duty in a calculated scheme of three-dimensional design.

(According to Mr. Lindsay the cost involved in material employed for twenty-four objects of sculpture amounted to \$210. The brick used, as said, was common brick. The stone slabs were red and green Vermont slate, greenish flagstones from northern Pennsylvania, and gray flagstones from Tennessee.)

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